

A MARVELOUS BOY.

There's a marvelous boy somewhere in the land.
I wish I knew where, don't you?
Who the instant he hears the word of command
Will spring to his feet to do.

The little "Now Boy" is the name that he bears;
We praise him forever and aye;
We are sure he is happy wherever he fares
For the good he is doing to-day.

Our call in the morning he answers at once,
And dresses himself in a flash;
His ears never hear the epithet "dunce,"
Proceeds, perhaps, by a dash.
He's always on hand, he's never away,
He's ready and willing and brave;
He'll make of himself a two-legged dray
Our patience and temper to save.

His picture we drew as a model young lad,
"Tis well for our own to know,
Who never has known what it is to be
"bad"

Or lazy and lagging and slow.
He's rich as a Jew, we're certain of that,
He's sure to be noble and wise;
For these are the virtues we've gotten down pat,
To tempt us poor mortals to rise.

But the singular thing is the way that he hides
Away from the vision of men,
And our faith and our courage so often derides
By keeping beyond our ken.

I wish I could find the little "Now Boy"
Who's learned to make everything "go,"
I'd harness him up with unspeakable joy,
To a certain young laddie I know.

And oh, what a team 't would be to my taste,
For my laddie is tender at heart,
And all that he needs to make him make haste
Is some one to give him a start.

And if two of them stood right here at my hand
I never need grumble or fret,
For the instant they heard my word of command
They never would wait to forget;

But off like the wind they'd scamper and speed,
And work with a will and a way,
And I would be happy—aye, happy, indeed—
No matter how gloomy the day.

If you could but find him, my dear little lad,
And copy his wonderful art—
For weakness is somehow a sin just as bad
As that which is wrought by the heart;

And the little "Now Boy" will rise to the top,
And nothing can tumble him down;
For he and Dame Fortune go hipity hop
On their skyward way to a crown!

—B. Arnold, in Chicago Chronicle.

THE MISTRESS of the Mine.

or A Woman Intervenes.

Robert Barr.

[Copyright, 1895, by Robert Barr.]

CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED.

It was somewhat late in the afternoon when he reached the city of Ottawa. Going toward his hotel he was astonished to hear his name shouted after him. Turning round, he saw a man rushing toward him whom he did not recognize.

"Your name is Kenyon, isn't it?" asked the man, somewhat out of breath.

"Yes, that is my name."
"I guess you don't remember me. I am the telegraph operator. We have had a dispatch waiting for you for some time, a cablegram from London. We have searched all over the town for you, but couldn't find you."

"Ah," said Kenyon, "is it important?"
"Well, that I don't know. You had better come with me to the office and get it. Of course, they don't generally cable important things. I remember it said something about you keeping yourself in readiness for something."

They walked together to the telegraph office. The boy was still searching for Kenyon with the original dispatch, but the operator turned up the file and read it to him.

"You see it wants an answer," he said; "that's why I thought it was important to get you. You will have plenty of time for an answer to-night."

John took a lead pencil and wrote the cable dispatch which Wentworth received. He paid his money and said: "I will go to my hotel: it is the house. I will wait there, and if any thing comes for me send it over as soon as possible."

"All right," said the operator; "that is the best plan; then we will know exactly where to find you. Of course, there is no use in your waiting here, because we can get you in five minutes. Perhaps I had better telephone to the hotel for you if anything comes."

"Very well," said Kenyon. "I will leave it all in your hands."

Whether it was the effect of having been in the country or not, John felt that, somehow, the cablegram he had received was a good omen. He meditated over the ill luck he had suffered in the whole business from beginning to end, and thought of old Mr. Longworth's favorite phrase: "There's no such thing as luck."

Then came a rap at his door, and the bellboy said: "There is a gentleman here wishes to speak to you."

"Tell him to come up," was the answer, and two minutes later, Von Brent entered.

"Any news?" he asked.

John, who was in a state of mind which made him suspicious of everything and everybody, answered: "No, nothing fresh."

"Ah, I am sorry for that. I had some hopes that perhaps you might be able to raise the money before 12 o'clock to-morrow. Of course, you know the option ends at noon to-morrow."

"Yes, I know that."
"Did you know that Longworth was in town?"

"No," said Kenyon, "I have been out of town myself."

"Yes, he came last night. He has the money in the bank, as I told you. Now I will not accept it until the very latest moment. Of course, legally, I cannot accept it before that time, and just as

legally I cannot refuse his money when he tenders it. I am very sorry all this has happened, more sorry than I can tell you. I hope you will not think that I am to blame in the matter."

"No, you are not in the slightest to blame. There is nobody to blame except myself. I feel that I have been culpably negligent and altogether too trustful."

"I wish to goodness I knew where you could get the money, but, of course, if I knew that I would have had it myself long ago."

"I am very much obliged to you," said Kenyon, "but the only thing you can do for me is to see that your clock is not ahead of time to-morrow. I may perhaps be up at the office before 12 o'clock—that is where I shall find you, I suppose?"

"Yes, I shall be there all the forenoon. I shall not leave until 12."

"Very good; I am much obliged to you, Mr. Von Brent, for your sympathy. I assure you I haven't many friends, and it—well, I'm obliged to you, that's all. An Englishman, you know, is not very profuse in the matter of thanks, but I mean it."

"I'm sure you do," said Von Brent, "and I'm only sorry that my assistance cannot be something substantial. Well, good-by, hoping to see you to-morrow."

After he had departed, Kenyon's impatience increased as the hours went on. He left the hotel and went direct to the telegraph office, but nothing had come for him.

"I'm afraid," said the operator, "that there won't be anything more to-night. If it should come late, shall I send it to your hotel?"

"Certainly, no matter at what hour it comes; I wish you would let me have it as soon as possible. It is very important."

Leaving the office, he went up the street, and, passing the principal hotel in the place, saw young Longworth, as dapper and correct in costume as ever, his single eyeglass the admiration of all Ottawa, for there was not another like it in the city, standing under the portico of the hotel.

"How do you do, Kenyon?" said that young man.

"My dear sir," said Kenyon, "the last time you spoke to me you said you desired to have nothing more to say to me. I cordially reciprocated that sentiment, and I want to have nothing to say to you."

"My dear fellow," cried young Mr. Longworth jauntily, "there is no harm done. Of course, in New York I was a little out of sorts. Everybody is in New York—bestly hole. I don't think it is worse than Ottawa, but the air is purer here. By the way, perhaps you and I can make a little arrangement. I am going to buy that mine to-morrow, as doubtless you know. Now I should like to see it in the hands of a good and competent man. If a couple of hundred pounds a year would be an temptation to you, I think we can afford to let you develop the mine."

"Thank you," said Kenyon.

"I knew you would be grateful; just think over the matter, will you, and don't come to any rash decision. We can probably give a little more than that, but until we see how the mine is turning out, it is not likely we shall spend a great deal of money on it."

"Of course," said John, "the proper answer to your remark would be to knock you down, but, besides being a law-abiding citizen, I have no desire to get into jail to-night for doing it, because there is one chance in a thousand, Mr. Longworth, that I may have some business to do with that mine myself before 12 o'clock to-morrow."

"Ah, it is my turn to be grateful now," said Mr. Longworth. "In a rough-and-tumble fight I am afraid you would master me easier than you would do in a contest of diplomacy."

"Do you call it diplomacy? You refer, I suppose, to your action in relation to the mine. I call it robbery."

"Oh, do you? Well, that is the kind of conversation which leads to breaches of the peace, and as I, also, am a law-abiding citizen, I will not continue the discussion any further. I bid you a very good evening, Mr. Kenyon." Saying which the young man turned into the hotel. John walked to his own much more modest inn and retired for the night. He did not sleep well. All night long phantom telegraph messengers were rapping at the door, and he started up every now and then to receive cablegrams which faded away as he awoke. Shortly after breakfast he went to the telegraph office, but found that nothing had arrived for him.

"I am afraid," said the operator, "that nothing will arrive before noon."

"Before noon!" echoed John. "Why?"

"The wires are down in some places in the east, and messages are delayed a good deal. Perhaps you noticed the lack of eastern news in the morning papers. Very little news came from the east last night." Seeing John's look of anxious interest, the operator continued: "Does the dispatch you expect pertain to money matters?"

"Yes, it does."
"Do they know you at the bank?"

"No, I don't think they do."
"Then if I were you I would go up to the bank to be identified, so that, if it is a matter of minutes, no unnecessary time may be lost. You had better tell them that you expect a money order by telegram, and, although such orders are paid without any identification at the bank, yet they take every precaution to see that it does not get into the hands of the wrong man."

"Thank you," said Kenyon. "I am much obliged to you for your suggestion. I will act upon it." And as soon as the bank opened John Kenyon presented himself to the cashier.

"I am expecting a large amount of money from England to-day. It is very important that, when it arrives, there shall be no delay in having it placed at my disposal. I want to know if there are any formalities to be gone through?"

"Where is the money coming from?" said the clerk.

"It is coming from England."
"Is there anyone in Ottawa who can identify you?"

"Yes, I know the telegraph operator here."

"Ah," said the cashier, somewhat doubtfully, "anybody else?"
"Mr. Von Brent knows me very well."

"That will do. Suppose you get Mr. Von Brent to come here and identify you as the man who bears the name of Kenyon. Then the moment your cablegram comes the money will be at your disposal."

Kenyon hurried to Von Brent's rooms and found him alone. "Will you come down to the bank and identify me as Kenyon?"

"Certainly. Has the money arrived?"

"No, it has not, but I expect it, and I want to provide for every contingency. I do not wish to have any delay in my identification when it does come."

"If it comes by cable," said Von Brent, "there will be no need of identification. The bank is not responsible, you know. They take the money entirely at the sender's risk. They might pay it to the telegraph operator who receives the message; I believe they would not be held liable. However, it is better to see that nothing is left undone."

Going over to the bank Von Brent said to the cashier: "This is John Kenyon."

"Very good," replied the cashier. "Have you been at the telegraph office lately, Mr. Kenyon?"

"No, I have not; at least not for half an hour or so."

"Well, I would go there as soon as possible, if I were you."

"That means," said Von Brent, as soon as they had reached the door, "that they have had their notice about the money. I believe it is already in the bank for you. I will go back to my rooms and not leave them till you come."

John hurried to the telegraph office. "Anything for me yet?" he said.

"Nothing as yet, Mr. Kenyon. I think, however," he added, with a smile, "that it will be all right. I hope so."

The moments ticked along with their usual rapidity, yet it seemed to Kenyon the clock was going fearfully fast. Eleven o'clock came and found him still pacing up and down the office of the telegraph. The operator offered him the hospitality of the private room, but this he declined. Every time the machine clicked John's ears were on the alert trying to catch a meaning from the instrument.

Ten minutes after 11, and still no dispatch! The cold perspiration stood on John's brow and he groaned aloud.

"I suppose it is very important," said the operator.

"Very important."
"Well, now, I shouldn't say so, but I know the money is in the bank for you. Perhaps if you went up there and demanded it they would give it to you."

It was 25 minutes past the hour when John hurried up toward the bank. "I have every belief," he said to the cashier, "that the money is here for me now. Is it possible for me to get it?"

"Have you the cablegram?"

"No, I have not."
"Well, you see, we cannot pay the money until we see the cablegram to the person for whom it is intended. If time is of importance, you should not leave the telegraph office, and the moment you get your message come here; then there will be no delay whatever. Do you wish to draw all the money at once?"

"I don't know how much there is, but I must have £20,000."

"Very well, to save time, you had better make out a check for £20,000—that will be— and here he gave the number of dollars at the rate of the day on the pound. "Just make out a check for that amount and I will certify it. A certified check is as good as gold. The moment you get your message I will hand you the certified check."

John wrote out the order and handed it to the cashier, glancing at the clock as he did so. It was now 25 minutes of 12. He rushed to the telegraph office with all the speed of which he was capable, but met only a blank look from the chief operator.

"It has not come yet," he said, shaking his head.

Gradually despair began to descend on the waiting man. It was worse to miss everything now than never to have had the hope of success. It was like hanging a man who had once been reprieved. He resumed his nervous pace up and down that chamber of torture. A quarter of twelve. He heard the chimes ring somewhere. If the message did not come before they rang again, it would be forever too late.

Fourteen minutes—13 minutes—12 minutes—11 minutes—10 minutes to 12, and yet no—

"Here you are!" shouted the operator in great glee. "She's a-coming, it's all right, John Kenyon, Ottawa." Then he wrote as rapidly as the machine clicked out the message. "There it is, now rush!"

John needed no telling to rush. People had begun to notice him as the man who was doing nothing but running between the bank and the telegraph office!

It was seven minutes to twelve when he got to the bank.

"Is that dispatch right?" he said, showing it through the arched aperture. The clerk looked at it with provoking composure, and then compared it with some papers.

"For God's sake hurry!" pleaded John.

"You have plenty of time," said the cashier, coolly, looking up at the clock and going on with his examination.

"Yes," he added, "that is all right. Here is your certified check."

John clasped it, and bolted out of the bank, as a burglar might have done. It was five minutes to twelve when he got to the steps that led to the rooms of Mr. Von Brent. Now all his excitement seemed to have deserted him. He was as cool and calm as if he had five days instead of as many minutes, in which to make the payment. He mounted the steps quietly, walked along the passage, and knocked at the door of Von Brent's room.

"Come in," was the shout that greeted him.

He opened the door, glancing at the clock behind Von Brent's head as he did so.

It stood three minutes to twelve. Young Mr. Longworth was sitting there, with just a touch of pallor on his countenance, and there seemed an ominous glitter in his eye-glass. He said nothing, and John Kenyon completely ignored his presence.

"There is still some life left in my option, I believe?" he said to Von Brent, after nodding good day to him.

"Very little, but perhaps it will serve. You have two and a half minutes," said Von Brent.

"Are the papers ready?" inquired John.

"All ready, everything except putting in the names."

"Very well, here is the money," Von Brent looked at the certified check. "That is perfectly right," he said. "The mine is yours." Then he rose and stretched his hand across the table to Kenyon, who grasped it cordially.

Young Mr. Longworth also rose, and said, languidly: "As this seems to be a meeting of long lost brothers, I shall not intrude. Good day, Mr. Von Brent."

And with that the young man adjusted his eyeglass and took his departure.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Napoleon's Fifth War with Austria.
Ostensibly this war was to be unlike any other so far waged. The secret instructions given to the imperial Austrian envoy in London clearly indicate that the Hapsburgs hoped by victory to restore their influence both in Italy and Germany; for that was the meaning of "restitution to the rightful owners" and the "slight rectification of their frontiers," or, in other words, the restoration of European conditions to what they had been before Napoleon's advent. This was the dynastic side; the national side was also to be used for its purposes. "The liberties of Europe have taken refuge under your banner," ran Charles' proclamation to the army; "your victories will break their bonds, and your German brethren still in the enemy's ranks await their redemption."

To the German world he said: "Austria fights not only for her own autonomy, but takes the sword for the independence and national honor of Germany."

Another manifesto, written by Gentz, the ablest statesman in Vienna, declared that the war was to be waged not against France, but against the system of persistent extension which had produced such universal disorder in Europe.—Prof. Sloane, in Century.

Wouldn't Call Him Bob.

An ex-congressman, who now practices law here, when asked the other day why he abandoned politics gave a very peculiar and interesting reason. He said: "I quit politics because I found that I was not cut out for that profession. My name is Robert, but I never yet heard myself referred to as 'Bob.' It was always 'Judge' or 'Mr.' No man ever achieves a real success in politics who has not that peculiar touch with the people that prompts them to refer to him by a nickname or in some familiar way. Webster was always 'Black Dan,' Logan, 'Black Jack,' Jackson was 'Old Hickory' and 'Andy,' Lincoln was 'Abe' or 'Uncle Abe.' It is not a question of dignity. There is no more dignified man than ex-President Harrison, and yet no one speaks of him by his title. He is always referred to as 'Ben.' I went through my district after serving one term in congress, and I could find no evidence that any one had ever dubbed me 'Bob.' Could I have been called 'Bob,' I might have been governor of my state, but we never had a governor without a nickname, and I knew I could not hope to break the record.—Washington Star.

Monument to a Pig.

Until within the last few months no monument has ever been erected to the memory of a pig. The town of Luneberg, Hanover, wished to fill up the blank, and at the Hotel de Ville in that town there is to be seen a kind of mausoleum to the memory of the porcine race. In the interior of the commemorative structure is a costly glass case enclosing a ham still in good preservation. A slab of black marble attracts the eye of the visitor, who finds there the following inscription in Latin, engraved in letters of gold: "Passers-by, contemplate here the mortal remains of the pig which acquired for itself imperishable glory by the discovery of the salt springs of Luneberg."—Chicago Chronicle.

Sarcastic.

If all the people who paint without knowing how were to adopt the plan recommended to an amateur by an acquaintance, their works would not distress their friends. This one announced her intention to whiten a certain ceiling and then paint a "cloudscape" on it.

"That may be nice," said a friend, "but if I were you I should arrange the matter a little differently."

"How?"

"I should paint the 'cloudscape' and then whitewash the ceiling!"—Youth's Companion.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

THE ROAD SCRAPER.

It Has Awakened the Spirit of Improvement in Many Districts.

In our anxiety to promote good farming there is no danger that the subject of good roads will be overlooked. When a man gets the spirit in him to improve his farm, his crops and his live stock, the spirit of progress cannot be checked there, but necessarily it must be extended to his buildings and fences. Who ever knew a farmer to erect a substantial fence along the highway who would not also cut down the unsightly bushes along the margin, see where drainage is needed and how the roadway could be improved, and then resolve that it shall be done at the first opportunity? A good farmer is always a good-roads advocate.

Just now many things are conspiring to assure good roads in the near future. A few years ago the road-scraper on wheels came into vogue. A law was enacted to permit a few adjoining road districts to unite and purchase a scraper to be used in common, as it is an expensive piece of machinery, and rarely a single district could afford to purchase one alone. Now these machines are common all over the state, and through their means road improvement has made rapid strides. It is not necessary to describe all their good



DRIVE NEAR MARIETTA, O.

points, for every one knows them. I will mention only one, and that is the smooth, hard path it makes for pedestrians at either side of the wagon-track. Otherwise they would have to travel in the grass and weeds, which is disagreeable, especially if wet or damp.

When the road-machines came into use, nobody had thought of bicycles. A better machine could not have been invented, especially for the purpose of making bicycle paths. What would bicycling on country roads be now were the old-style hand road-scraper still in use? In removing earth from gutters into the wagon-track they left two small ridges along the space they traveled, and these were seldom leveled. If a wheel could travel them at all, they would certainly go "bumpy-bump." Bicycles rarely have a clear course in a traveled wagon-track, for there are more or less narrow ruts, and horses' feet are apt to cut up the paths in which they have to travel continuously.

The modern road-machines, where used for some time, have had the effect to cut off the shoulders of the roads and place this dry, solid earth in the center of the track, picking it up so water will run off at the sides, as it should do, instead of following ruts, as formerly. I know a certain hill road extending to the railroad station that was always bad. Its surface was broad, stony and full of ruts. The wheeled scraper has made it the model road of the township, and the district is proud of it. There was a very steep, ascending grade from a hollow ten rods from the railroad track, with a knoll at one side. The road tax for the year had been worked out; but notwithstanding, as the spirit of improvement was on, neighbors volunteered and spent nearly two days with teams and tools, and removed the most of that bank into the road where it ought to be. A neighbor who could not work gave necessary drain-tile. The railroad company, not to be outdone in public spirit, furnished seven car-loads of gravel, and men to handle it, and now the grade is easy and the surface leveled. This is recited to show that the spirit of improvement is contagious, and when aroused the work will be perfected.

A few years ago the legislature of New York passed an act requiring pathmasters to remove the loose stones from the traveled portions of the highways at stated periods. This was also done before bicycles were invented, just as though their advent had been foreseen. Now, if one thing more than another troubles the bicyclist, it is small, round, loose stones in the path; but as a rule the roadmasters are very delinquent in performing the prescribed duty of removing them. As a hint to bicyclists, I know of several cases where wheelmen have told pathmasters that unless they attended to this duty properly, they would be complained of, adding by way of emphasis that if any loose stone in the track, even the smallest, should be the means of throwing and injuring a rider, damages could be collected either of them or of the township. This sets them to thinking, and they generally conclude that their safety lies in keeping the track clear of these obstructions. If a horse stumble over a loose stone and break his leg, somebody would be liable for damages, and so would they if a bicyclist should take "a header" over a loose stone and receive an injury in consequence.—Galen Wilson, in Farm and Fireside.

Unmixed Evils.

Too many stones or too much clay
Or too much "wet" or sand,
Will make a sorry thing, they say,
Of the best road in the land.
And yet there's good in all of these
If we just know how to fix them:
They make a road that's sure to please
When properly we mix them.

—L. A. W. Bulletin.

While feed is as necessary as breed, an amount of feed will make a good milker out of a cow that is not so naturally.

CONTRACTING BUTTER.

How to Secure a Good Average Price the Year Round.

There is scarcely any farm butter maker having a reputation for making a good article and living within a few miles of an ordinary western country town who cannot find a regular customer or customers who will take butter the year around at a good price which will be a good round average price for the year, says the Homestead. All that is necessary to make contracting of this kind easy is that the butter maker establish a record for having everything nice and clean, and for producing a quality that is both good and uniform. The price that can be secured in this way is always considerably better than the ordinary way of selling to the grocer or store keeper. As a practical question, it is subject to only one drawback, and that is from the side of the customer. We have known a good many town people who contracted for their butter this way and a very common complaint among them was that they always get their butter if the price to be paid was a little better than the stores and groceries were paying, but when, with the change of the season, the price rose until the store keeper or grocer was paying a little above the agreed average price, the butter maker very commonly reported that the cows were failing and he did not have any butter to deliver under the contract. Of course, if one practices this species of dishonesty he will find it difficult to make contracts of this kind for regular delivery, and a reputation not only for cleanliness and good uniform quality is necessary, but also a reputation for strictly carrying out contracts as made.

BACILLUS NO. 41.

It Is Needed in the Production of Really First-Class Butter.

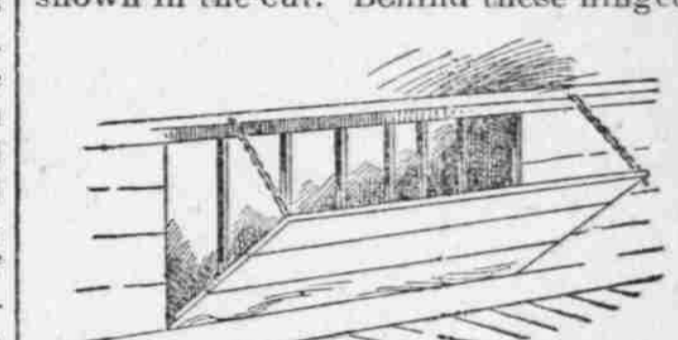
It was a person who came from Denmark who first advanced the startling theory that microbes are required to make first-class butter. This theory, which was received with scorn, is now advocated by many scientific men, and many creameries now invest money in the "culture." In Iowa 28 creameries are using it. Experiments have been made with over 100 different kinds of germs, but it was not until No. 41 was discovered that satisfactory results were reached. A conclusive trial was recently made in a Connecticut creamery. June butter, as is well known, is in flavor the best produced during the year, so that the effect of bacillus No. 41 upon pure butter was most interesting. Early in the month two large vats of cream were collected. One of these was inoculated, the other was not. They stood in the same room, at the same temperature, for the same length of time, and were subsequently churned. Both lots of cream produced excellent butter, but No. 41 had a taste and odor decidedly superior to that made without it. A large number of persons tasted it, and no one hesitated in deciding that No. 41 made the superior quality.

The first attempt at an estimate at bacteria in butter was made in Munich in 1891. It was found that there are about 2,000,000 in a grain.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

NEAT FEEDING DEVICE.

One Should Be Introduced Wherever Calves and Sheep Are Kept.

An excellent plan for feeding sheep or calves is shown herewith. The front of the pen is hinged along as much of the length as is needed, in the manner shown in the cut. Behind these hinged



FOR FEEDING CALVES OR SHEEP.

doors are slats, both to keep the hay from falling into the pen at feeding time, and to keep the sheep or calves in place and from attempting to clamber up over the door. Hay placed between the door and the slats falls down as fast as